

What Happened To Jane

By VIRGINIA TERRILL VAN DE WATER.

She Overhears a Secret Conversation.

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CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE silence following upon Augustus Reeves' summons to his housekeeper, Jane fancied she could hear the beating of her own heart. She felt as if something momentous were about to happen.

Mary came silently, but she saw the open chest by which her employer and his wife stood, the color receded from her face and lips.

"Did you want me?" she murmured.

"Yes," Reeves said harshly. "Where are those two best dresses?"

"What two best dresses?" she asked.

"The black silk and the velvet dress. The two handsomest ones in the whole lot."

"I don't know where they are," she said quickly. "How should I know?"

"None of your impudence!" the man threatened. "How should you know, who else should know? Haven't you put away those clothes every spring for the last ten years? Who else has the handling of the keys but you?"

"You have?" She looked at him defiantly, her eyes flashing. Evidently her Indian temper had risen to strengthen her courage. "Is that all you want to know?"

"Yes, but I want to know that," he exclaimed. "Where are those things?"

"I told you I don't know," she repeated. "And I don't."

He stepped toward her, his chin thrust forward and his brows drawn down in the manner with which she was already familiar, but which Jane had never seen until now. The expression of his face struck the wife like a blow.

"Oh," she ejaculated, her voice fraught with horror.

The sound recalled the man to his senses and to some regard for appearances. He swallowed hard and tried to speak naturally.

"You can go back to the kitchen," he said to Mary. "I'll see you later about this. Here, Jane, you put those things away. Leave out that red silk. I want you to make it over for yourself."

The wife said nothing until she and her husband were in the big bedroom she was leaning to late. Here she unfolded the wrappings from about the gown he had brought down and shook it out for her inspection.

"How's that?" he asked, looking at her for some sign of alarm.

"It's very handsome," she murmured.

She spoke truly. The gown was of a deep wine-color, the silk heavy and rich.

"Well, have it done in time to wear to the sociable," he ordered.

Although he tried to suppress any sign of excitement, Jane was conscious that he was putting a tremendous restraint upon himself, that the matter of the lost dresses was surging in his mind. She tried to pour oil upon the troubled waters. Mary heard had been kind to her, but she was sorry for the woman.

"Augustus," the wife said timidly, "really I don't think you should blame Mary for the disappearance of those dresses. She has always been perfectly honest, hasn't she?"

His face darkened. "Yes—she's been perfectly honest, hasn't she?"

What's in that trap?

"But," the wife ventured, "you've had a woman here occasionally to clean. Couldn't she have taken those things—if you are really sure they are gone? What could Mary do with them, anyway? She could never wear them without you seeing them. I don't believe she knows anything about them."

"And I am sure she does," he growled.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and the Leaves."

By HOWARD, B. GARIS.

UNCLE WIGGLY LONGHAIR, the rabbit gentleman, stood out in front of his hollow stump bungalow in the woods and looked carefully around. Then he glanced up at the blue sky.

"What is the matter?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the monkey lady bungalow keeper. Are you looking for some one?"

"Well, no, not exactly," said the bunny uncle slowly. "I was just thinking that perhaps I had better begin to do some spring cleaning around my bungalow."

"Spring cleaning? Do you mean inside or outside?" asked the monkey lady, as she carefully wiped a bit of flour off the end of her nose with her tail, for she had been baking a cake.

"Oh, I mean outside, of course," remarked Uncle Wiggly. "I'll leave you while I clean up outside. You see there are so many last year's dried leaves about here in the woods, that if they were to catch fire our bungalow might burn."

"Mercy!" cried Nurse Jane. I wouldn't want that to happen. Oh, my! Uncle Wiggly, said, "No, indeed. Uncle Wiggly, said, "Once was enough. The last time we had a fire you and I had to board around with our friends. Still, it was not so bad as it might have been, for I met Mother Goose, and did some favors for her and her friends."

"What were you thinking of doing to the leaves?" asked Nurse Jane, curious like and inquisitive.

"Why, I thought I'd rake them up in piles and make a soft pile, so Sammie and Susie Littlefoot, the rabbit children, could jump on them when school, they could jump on them when they sometimes do in the hay."

"Very good," Nurse Jane said. "You rake up the leaves and I'll wash the dishes."

So Uncle Wiggly began. For a rake he used a dried branch from a tree. It had many little ends to it, almost like the teeth of a rake, that branch had.

"I wonder if a rake ever gets the toothache?" thought Uncle Wiggly, as he pulled and poked the leaves into piles. "If it does it must hurt very much because there are so many teeth."

But the bunny uncle did not have a real rake, only a tree branch, which he used as one and that had no teeth to ache. He was glad to say.

"It will be good to get the layers of dead, dried leaves off the ground," said Uncle Wiggly, "for soon the April showers will bring the May flowers, and they find it easier to spring up if there is no blanket of leaves over them to hold them down."

The bunny uncle soon had many piles of soft, dried leaves and in a little while came Sammie and Susie Littlefoot, the rabbit children, and into the hay they jumped off a stump, bounding up and down like rubber balls.

Pretty soon Uncle Wiggly heard a voice saying:

"Oh, dear, isn't it too bad? Yes, it's even three, four, five, six, seven bad! That's what it is!"

"Hill! Some one in trouble!" said Uncle Wiggly, dropping his tree-branch rake and running back to the pile of leaves. "I suppose Sammie or Susie has fallen down and bumped one of their noses. I must help them up!"

But when Uncle Wiggly got there the cupboard was bare—oh, no, excuse me, if you please. That's in another story. I mean the bunny uncle reached the pile of leaves where Sammie and Susie had been playing, neither one of the rabbit children was in sight.

"Oh, my!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "They must be all covered up with leaves. I'll have to dig them out. No wonder it's two, six, seven bad!"

With his paws he began digging at the piles of leaves, scattering them all over, after his hard work of raking them up. But he went deeper and deeper, he could see no sign of the children behind him. Uncle Wiggly heard the sad voice again saying:

"Oh, dear! It's too bad! Yes, it's two, three and even sixteen—seven bad, oh, dear!"

Turning quickly, Uncle Wiggly saw Jimmie Whitehead, the boy duck, with an empty bag over his tump.

"Why, Jimmie! Is that you?" asked the bunny uncle, in surprise. "I thought it was Sammie and Susie Littlefoot. They were playing in these dried leaves a while ago, but now I can't find them, and I fear they may be covered up so far down that I can never get them out."

"Oh, don't worry about that, Uncle Wiggly," said Jimmie, the boy duck. "Sammie and Susie are all right. I met them running down a woodland path a little while ago, as I came along, and they were talking of what fun they had had in the woods. They got tired and ran away when you weren't looking. That's why you can't find them under the leaves. Oh, dear! Two, six, sixteen—seven bad!"

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked Uncle Wiggly, kindly. "Are you in trouble, Jimmie?"

"I am, Uncle Wiggly," my duck boy.

"Feather-trouble," answered the little, bleat-like chap.

"Feather-trouble?" repeated Uncle Wiggly, sort of surprised-like and astonished.

"Yes, you see, my mother sent me with a bag of our best duck feathers for Mother Goose to make a feather bed from. Well, all at once, some strong March wind came dancing by, turned the bag inside out and blew away every feather. Argh! What to do, I don't know, for there are no more feathers at our coop. And if Mother Goose doesn't have feathers for her bed she will feel badly. Oh, dear! Such trouble!"

Uncle Wiggly thought for a moment. Then he said:

"Hill, Jimmie! I see a way out of your trouble. Fill your bag with some of these soft, dried leaves. They will be nearly as good as feathers for Mother Goose, and, at the same time, you will be doing me a favor by taking away the leaves, so the flowers can grow."

"Oh, fine!" cried Jimmie. So he took a big bag of the leaves, which Mother Goose said were as good as sleep on as feathers, and thus everything came out just right, you see, and Sammie and Susie weren't lost, after all, for which Uncle Wiggly was very glad.

And if the dried-egg doesn't try to hide in the apple dumpling and make the peach stone jump Argh! the shortcake, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the wise man. Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

EDITOR MEXICAN DAILY RELEASED WITH A WARNING

Emilio Valenzuela, editor and proprietor of La Constitucion, a small Mexican daily paper published at 628 South Stanton street, was released from the city jail Saturday, after being held for several days following his arrest by military and police officers on a charge of printing an article designed to arouse anti-American feeling among the Mexicans in the lower part of the city.

Four employees of Valenzuela, who were also taken into custody at the time of the raid on the newspaper plant, were released from the jail.

On his release Valenzuela was warned not to allow articles of a political nature to be printed in his paper in the future.

14 YEARS Ago Today

From The Herald of This Date, 1902.

Starting the fulfillment of their contract with the El Paso smelter, the Waters-Peterson oil company yesterday shipped a carload of oil containing 150 barrels to the smelter. Daily shipments of this amount will be made, as it represents the consumption of fuel oil at the new smelter. The shipments will be continued for a year or so.

Mrs. J. A. Herrera, of Juarez, left for Kansas City to join her husband.

The handsome new freight depot of the El Paso Southern railway was formally occupied yesterday.

F. L. Wallace, who is extensively interested in mining properties in the vicinity of this city, is in El Paso.

Miss Gertrude May, who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. H. Kayser, left this morning for Canada, Ark.

Polioquas George Barrett, the well-known cattleman, of Las Cruces, and his family are visiting in El Paso.

Felix Hunschman returned from the east bringing reports of great business activity throughout the entire country.

Kess Holman, traffic agent of the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre and Pacific railroad, left for Sabinal, Chih., on business for the company.

Sam Blumenthal returned from an extensive trip through southern California, where he has been traveling in the interests of an El Paso house.

Miley and Mack, the famous comedians, failed to arrive last night in time to make their scheduled appearance at the Metropolitan house, and the Currier company again held the boards.

Efforts were being made to bring the annual encampment of the state militia to El Paso, but as the city is required to raise about \$10,000, there appears to be small chance of securing it.

Dudley H. Norris, who recently returned from a trip to the west coast of Mexico with eastern mammals, tells of another large purchase in the state of Durango by these mened men. This was a large tract of timber land embracing 40 square miles near the San Fernando mines. The price was said to be \$120,000.

DETAILS AND LEAVES OF ABSENCE FEATURE ORDERS

Included in the army orders received here are the following:

By direction of the president, Capt. L. B. Holbrook, fourth cavalry, detailed for service in, quartermaster corps, is relieved. Capt. Holbrook, upon arrival at San Francisco, will proceed to Fort Riley, Kan., for duty.

Second Lieut. W. T. Boyd, jr., coast artillery corps, will proceed to the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Leave of absence for three months on account of sickness is granted Capt. A. S. Perkins, sixth cavalry.

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